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OUR QUEEN.

THE JUBILEE YEAR OF HER REIGN.

Fifty years ago, early on a June morning, the young Princess Victoria, all unconscious of the honor and power into which she had come, lay quietly sleeping in her room in the old palace of Kensington, sleeping her last sleep of free, happy girlhood. At five o'clock the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chamberlain, and four other gentlemen arrived post-haste, having driven all the way from Windsor since two o'clock, when the king breathed his last. "They knocked, they rang, they thumped," writes Miss Wynn in her diary, "for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gate. They were again kept waiting in the courtyard, then turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed forgotten by everybody." Presently they rang the bell and requested an audience with the princess on business of importance. The attendant objected to waking her as she was "in such a sweet sleep," but from henceforth her time must be no longer her own. "We are come on business of state to the Queen," said the Archbishop, "and even her sleep must give way to that." And it did. Anxious not to keep them waiting the young queen "appeared a few minutes later in a loose, white night-gown and shawl, her night-cap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, and with tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified." When told their errand her first words were to the Archbishop of Canterbury, "I beg your Grace to pray for me!" and down the little company knelt together, as on the very threshold of her reign the girl queen paused to dedicate herself and all her future interests to her God. Her next act was to write a letter of condolence full of sympathy and affection to the widowed queen at Windsor, and begging her dear aunt to stay at the castle as long as she pleased. Some one objected upon seeing that she had addressed the letter to "Her Majesty the Queen," instead of to "Her Majesty the Queen-Dowager." But the letter went as first directed. "I will not," said the thoughtful princess, "be the first to remind her of her altered position."

At eleven o'clock on the morning of the same day, the queen met the Privy Council at the palace to take the usual oaths of the sovereign and receive the oaths of allegiance from all present. "Never," writes an eye-witness, "was anything like the first impression she produced, or the chorus of praise and admiration which was raised about her manner and behaviour. . . . . The doors were thrown open, and the Queen entered, accompanied by her two uncles, who advanced to meet her. She bowed to the Lords, took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, distinct and audible voice, and without any appearance of fear or of embarrassment. She was quite plainly dressed in mourning. After she had read her speech, and taken and signed the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, the Privy Councillors were sworn, the two royal dukes, first by themselves, and as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes as if she felt the contrast between their civil and their natural relations, and this was the only sign of emotion which she evinced. Her manner to them was very graceful and engaging. She kissed them both, rose from her chair, and moved towards the Duke of Sussex, who was furthest from her, and too infirm to reach her. She seemed rather bewildered at the number of men who were sworn, and who came one after another to kiss her hand, but went through the whole ceremony with perfect calmness and self-possession, but at the same time with a graceful modesty and propriety particularly interesting and ingratiating." Sir Robert Peel expressed himself as amazed at her manner and behaviour, at her deep sense of her situation, her modesty and her firmness, and the Duke of Wellington declared that if she had been his own daughter he could not have desired to see her perform her part better.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

The next day was even more trying than this. It was the ceremony of the Proclamation, when the Queen, escorted by a gorgeous company, passed through crowded streets to St. James' Palace, where from a certain window, as was the custom, the new sovereign made her first appearance before her people. The Garter King-at-Arms read the proclamation, the band struck up "God save the Queen," guns were fired in the park and answered by the guns at the Tower, the cheers of the throng in the courtyard were taken up and prolonged by the multitudes outside until the whole city rang with the echo. Unable to control herself longer at these manifestations of joy from her people, the young queen threw herself upon her mother's breast and burst into tears.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning thus beautifully commemorates this incident:—

"O maiden, heir of kings,
A king has left his place;
The majesty of death has swept
All other from his face:
And them upon thy mother's breast
No longer lean adown,
But take the glory for the rest
And rule the land that loves thee best.
The maiden wept,
She wept to wear a crown.

* * * * * * *

God bless thee, weeping queen,
With blessings most divine,
And fill with better love than earth
That tender heart of thine;
That when the thrones of earth shall be
As low as graves brought down,
A pierced hand may give to thee
The crown which angels shout to see.
Then wilt not weep
To wear that heavenly crown."

The magnificent ceremony of the Coronation did not take place until a year afterwards, June 28, 1838, but during the interval her time was almost constantly devoted to the duties of state.

"Poor little queen," exclaimed Thomas

AUBERT GALLION QUE
V M Pozer 1886

Carlyle, "she is at an age at which a girl can hardly be trusted to choose a bonnet for herself, yet a task is laid upon her from which an archangel might shrink." But although so youthful our young queen was by no means immature. All her life she had been trained by her mother and uncle, Leopold, King of the Belgians, with this end in view, and although now etiquette and necessity demanded that her mother withdraw somewhat from the close companionship in which they had heretofore lived, King Leopold watched her every step and never abated his vigilance, and Baron Stockmar, his friend and private representative, was never far from her. Her young cousin, too, whom she was soon to marry, and who since as the Prince Consort has become so dear to the English people was mindful of her increasing cares, and on setting out on his travels wrote to her in a strain unusual in one so young, "Now you are queen of the mightiest land in Europe, in your hand lies the happiness of millions May heaven assist you and strengthen with its strength in that high and difficult task."

And heaven did help her, and in no way more than in giving her so wise, so noble a helpmeet as the Prince Consort. Of the future simple, happy, domestic life of the royal pair and their family, there is little need to speak—hardly an anecdote of it all that is not familiar to the English people. The blameless twenty-one years of public life of the Prince in his delicate position as husband of the Queen yet not King, the encouragement he gave to the art, literature and industries of the country, his efforts to secure peace where war seemed impending, his labors in the education of his family, his life-long devotion to all that was pure and good and true are too well known to need any comment.

And then so quickly came the sad, sad end. The news of the death of friends abroad affected him strangely. He was "low and sad" and seemed much of his time to be ailing. Going into harness when only twenty, his toil since had scarcely slackened. In the intervening twenty-one years he had accomplished more than many a man would do in twice the time, and now in the very prime of life the reaction had come and he longed for rest. The Queen in alarm begged those about him to save him as much as possible from the thousand exertions expected of him, but all seemed of no avail. Increasingly weary, he still worked on. "He had no wish to die," his biographer writes, "but he did not care for living" Not long before his last illness he said to the Queen, "I do not cling to life, you do; but I set no store by it. If I know that those I love were well cared for, I should be quite ready to die to-morrow." And later on he said, "I am sure if I had a severe illness I should give up at once; I should not struggle for life." And the ominous words were only too soon and literally fulfilled. Who does not know the touching details of that last illness, as he lay patiently suffering in the clutches of the terrible fever; how the Princess Alice waited upon him constantly, playing to him from time to time the loved sacred music of his youth; how the Queen went about her state duties "as one in a dream," and spent the rest of her time in reading aloud and talking, and trying to amuse the invalid; how now he would inquire anxiously if a certain important item of state business had been attended to, and again be too weak for more than a word and a smile to his "dear, good little wife." On that sad, last Sabbath, writes one of the Queen's household, after the Princess Alice had been softly playing to him for some time, "she looked around and saw him lying back, his hands folded as if in prayer, and his eyes shut. Presently he looked up and smiled. She said, 'Were you asleep, dear papa?' 'Oh, no,' he answered, 'only I have such sweet thoughts.' During his illness his hands were often folded in prayer, and when he did not speak his serene face showed that the 'sweet thoughts' were with him to the end." As the afternoon drew on he continued to sink. "Good little wife," were his last words to the Queen as he kissed her and laid his head upon her shoulder, and before eleven o'clock the tolling of the great bell of St. Paul's told that, at last, the tired Prince had gone to his rest.

From that moment the Queen's life was entirely changed. Though never for an hour neglecting the business of the state; for the usual gaieties of court life, for many years after, her courage failed her. As the years slipped by many things were resumed as duties which had formerly been only pleasures, for her people could not be content that their Queen should remain in seclusion. One by one her children having grown up and married, and her children to the second and third generation are growing up around her, and still she lives at the head of her people, loved and honored with a sincerity that few other monarchs can boast. And throughout all her wide dominions, on which the sun never sets, there is not a soul but prays that she may be spared to reign for many, many years to come, and all, as they think of the widowed queen, who for so many years has, all alone, borne the burdens she once so gladly shared, will echo the Laureate's prayer:

"May all love,
His love unseen, but felt, o'ershadow thee,
The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
The love of all thy people comfort thee,
Till God's love set thee at his side again.

THE QUEEN AT THE AGE OF EIGHT YEARS.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON VI.—AUGUST 8.

GENTILES SEEKING JESUS.—John 12: 20-36.

COMMIT VERSES 24-25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.—John 12: 32.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus glorified through his death on the cross to be the Saviour and King of the world.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 12: 17-36.
T. John 12: 37-50.
W. V. 24; 1 Cor. 15: 21-49.
Th. V. 25; Matt. 10: 21-42.
F. V. 27; Matt. 26: 36-41.
Sa. V. 31; Matt. 25: 31-46.
Su. V. 32; 1 Cor. 1: 13-31.

TIME.—Tuesday, April 4, A.D. 30. Two days after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, probably in the Gentile court of the temple.

INTERVENING HISTORY.—Matt. 21: 12 to 23: 39; Mark 11: 12 to 12: 44; Luke 19: 45 to 21: 4.

INTRODUCTION.—After the triumphal entry, our last lesson, Jesus returns to Bethany for the night. Monday morning he goes again to the temple, cleanses it from those who were desecrating it by merchandise, and again goes back to Bethany for the night. Tuesday morning he returns to the temple, and has a very busy day, in the midst of which occurs the lesson for to-day.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

20. GREEKS THAT CAME UP TO WORSHIP: proselytes, who adopted part of the Jewish religion. 21. SEE JESUS: in a private interview, like Nicodemus. 23. THE HOUR THAT THE SON OF MAN SHOULD BE GLORIFIED: by his death and resurrection. His crucifixion and atonement were necessary to his work of saving men, and causing the kingdom of heaven to come, which was his glory. 25. HE THAT LOVETH HIS LIFE, etc: he that makes the things of this world first will lose them. 27. WHAT SHALL I SAY: read the next sentence as a question. Shall I say FATHER, SAVE ME FROM THIS HOUR! the hour of his death agony. No, for his whole mission had been preparing for this hour. 28. I HAVE GLORIFIED IT: by all he had done for the Christ, in sending him to the earth, in the power of working miracles, etc. 31. NOW IS THE JUDGMENT OF THIS WORLD: the hour that determines the conflict between good and evil, and by which evil is condemned to overthrow.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where did Jesus go Sunday evening after his triumphal entry? (Matt. 21: 17.) What did he do the next day? (Mark 11: 12-19.) What did he do on Tuesday? When and where did the events of this lesson take place?

SUBJECT: JESUS GLORIFIED.

I. BY THE ACCESSION OF GENTILES (vs 20-22) Who came to see Jesus? How far had they gone in the new religion? To whom did they apply? Could they not see Jesus anywhere without asking permission? What did they want? Was this the beginning of the calling of the Gentiles to Christ's kingdom?

Why did not Philip go direct to Jesus? Was the interview granted? Was what follows spoken to those Greeks or the disciples?

II. BY HIS DEATH ON THE CROSS (vs. 23-33.) What did Jesus say to them? What hour had come? How was Jesus glorified by his death on the cross? How had the people tried to glorify him? (See last lesson.) Could they understand how he could die on the cross and yet be glorified? (v. 34.) By what illustration did he explain his meaning.

What is meant by "loving life" and "hating life" in v. 25? What would be the results of these two courses? What is it to follow Jesus? How will his followers be rewarded? What comforts and help in the fact that we shall be with Jesus? (Rom. 8: 17; Rom. 3: 2.)

III. BY A VOICE FROM HEAVEN (vs. 27-30.—What troubled Jesus? What two prayers were suggested to him? Which one did he make his own? Why was this difficult? How were his words confirmed? How had God glorified Jesus? What opinions did the people have about this voice?

IV. BY THE ATTRACTIONS OF THE CROSS (vs. 31-36) How had the judgment of the world come? What is meant by the "prince of this world" being cast out? What was it to "be lifted up"? What would be the effect? What is there in "Christ crucified" to draw men to him? What warning did Jesus give the people? How was it applicable to them? How to us?

LESSON VII.—AUGUST 15.

JESUS TEACHING HUMILITY—John 13: 1-17.

COMMIT VERSES 13-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.—John 13: 17.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Christian should imitate his Master in humble service for the good of men.

DAILY READINGS

M. John 13: 1-17.
T. Matt. 22: 1-18.
W. Matt. 25: 1-12.
Th. Luke 22: 1-13.
F. Luke 22: 14-30.
Sa. Matt. 23: 1-12.
Su. 1 Pet. 5: 1-11.

TIME.—Thursday evening, April 6; at the Passover feast.

PLACE.—An upper room in Jerusalem.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—Matt. 24: 1 to 26: 20; Mark 13: 1 to 14:17; Luke 21: 5 to 22:30; John 12: 37-50.

ORDER OF EVENTS AT THE SUPPER.—(1) Strife for seats of honor (Luke 22: 24-30); (2) Passover meal begun (Luke 22: 14-38); (3) washing the feet (John 13: 2-20); (4) Jesus declares who should betray him (John 13: 21-29); (5) Judas departs (John 13: 27-30); (6) the Lord's supper.

INTRODUCTION.—Soon after the last lesson Jesus left the temple, and declared that it was to be destroyed. He goes toward Bethany, and on the Mount of Olives foretells the destruction of Jerusalem (Matt. 24); utters the parables of Matt. 25. He spends the night (Tuesday) at Bethany, and also the next day (Wednesday). Then he sends his disciples to the city to prepare for the Passover, and Thursday afternoon they all go to the city, and celebrate the Passover.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. NOW BEFORE THE FEAST: just before. HE LOVED UNTO THE END: He did not stop in his work of eternal love, though agony and death stood in the way. 2. SUPPER BEING ENDED: better, supper being in progress; during supper. It was at the very beginning. JUDAS TO BETRAY HIM: even the traitor's feet he would wash, so great was his love. 3. JESUS KNOWING, etc: while conscious of his greatness and power, he did the work of a servant. 4. HE RISETH FROM SUPPER: the occasion was the strife of Luke 22: 24-30. GARMENTS: outer garments or cloak. 5. POURETH WATER: into a basin. The feet were not put into a basin, but the water was poured over them WASH . . . FEET: this was the servant's work, but they, having no servant, should have done it for one another; but each one was unwilling to take this lowly place. The feet could be easily washed, because they reclined at the table with their feet outward from the table. 8. IF I WASH THEE NOT: (1) If you do not yield to my judgment; (2) if you are not cleansed from your pride and self-seeking. NO PART WITH ME: in my kingdom, my character, my work. 10. HE THAT IS WASHED: bathed, a different word from the other "washed" in these verses. He that is bathed at home needs only to wash off the stains the feet have gained by walking here, and he is all clean. He that is truly converted, born of water and the Spirit, needs afterwards but to have the stains of daily life washed away. 14. WASH ONE ANOTHER'S FEET: imitate the spirit of this command, and do the humblest service for others.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How much time between the last lesson and this? Where did Jesus spend this time? What were some of the things he said? (Matt. 24 and 25.)

SUBJECT: HUMBLE SERVICE FOR OTHERS.

I. THE LAST SUPPER.—Where did Jesus and his disciples eat their last Passover meal together? (Luke 22: 8-13.) On what day of the week was this? How long before his crucifixion? How were people arranged at an oriental supper? What chapters of John were spoken by Jesus at this meeting. (Chap. 14-17.

II. THE STRIFE WHO SHOULD BE GREATEST.—What contest arose among the disciples when they came together? (Luke 22: 24-30.) What was the occasion of this strife? What other contest something like this had occurred a few months before? (Luke 9: 46-48.)

How could they think of such things at such a solemn time as this? May one occasion have been that none were willing to perform the customary washing of feet for one another, and so take the place of servants?

III. JESUS REBUKES THEIR SPIRIT BY WASHING THEIR FEET (vs. 1-5)—How did Jesus "love his own unto the end?" How should "supper being ended" be translated? What trial did Jesus have now? (v. 2.) What comfort? (v. 3.) What did Jesus do for the disciples? How could this be done while at the meal? What was the need of washing feet at such a time?

IV. PETER OPPOSES (vs. 6-11.)—Who objected to what Jesus was doing? Why? What was Jesus' reply? Does Jesus often say the same words to us when he gives us hard duties or trials? Why could he have no part with Jesus unless he was washed? What did Jesus mean in v. 10? Do we need daily cleansing, even though our hearts have been cleansed in Jesus' blood?

V. JESUS EXPLAINS HIS ACT (vs. 12-17.)—In what relation did Jesus stand to them? What did he tell them to do? (v. 14.) Are we literally to wash each other's feet? In what ways may we follow this example of Jesus? In what ways do many break his command here given? What is the promise to those who humble themselves? (Matt. 5: 3; Luke 18: 14). Why are those happy who do as he here bids them?

LESSONS ON HUMBLE SERVICE

I. Self-seeking is one of the commonest occasions for strife.

II. Seeking for honor and the highest places is one of the greatest temptations.

III. Jesus' whole life sets us the example of humility and lowly service for others.

IV. Our usefulness and power as Christians depends on following our Lord in welcoming the poor, in ministering to the wants of the needy.

V. We should continually be looking out for opportunities to do good, and rejoice in the lowliest work for others.

VI. Love transfigures and ennobles the lowliest service.

VII. We should do our smallest duties from the highest motives.

The Family Circle.

TRUE FAITH.

"You tell me that your child is dead,
And yet you greet me with a smile,
And let the sunshine flood your rooms,
And with a song your grief beguile?"

"And why not smile? If she had gone
To dwell in sunny Italy,
To gaze upon those palaced slopes,
And wander by that summer sea,

Would I not joy to follow her
In thought beneath those classic skies?
To note with every changing scene
The rapture in her glad young eyes?

Yet with my winging joy, alas!
Always a brooding fear would mate,
Not knowing when along the way
Some nameless woe might lie in wait.

But now for her, with love enspheréd,
No evil thing can work its spell;
Safe talismaned from ill she treads
The fields where living fountains well.

Then why not smile and open wide
My windows to the blessed light,
Since she forever more abides
In that fair land that knows no night?"

—*Mary B. Sleight.*

THE QUEEN'S HOME LIFE.

Of the many pleasant glimpses we get here and there of the home life of the Queen few are more charming than that given by the great musical composer Mendelssohn, in a letter to his mother dated July 19th 1842, about two years after her marriage:—

"I must tell you," he writes, "all the details of my last visit to Buckingham Palace. It is as E. says, the one really pleasant and thoroughly comfortable English house where one feels at his ease. Of course I do know a few others, but still, on the whole, I agree with him. Joking apart, Prince Albert had asked me to go to him on Saturday at two o'clock, so that I might try his organ before I left England; I found him alone, and as we were talking the Queen came in also, alone, in a simple morning dress. She said she was obliged to leave for Claremont in an hour; and then suddenly interrupting herself, exclaimed, "But, goodness, what a confusion!" for the wind had littered the whole room, and even the pedals of the organ (which, by-the-way, made a very pretty feature in the room), with leaves of music from a large portfolio which lay open. As she spoke she knelt down and began picking up the music. Prince Albert helped, and I, too, was not idle. Then Prince Albert proceeded to explain the stops to me, and she said that she would meanwhile make things straight. I begged that the Prince would first play over something, so that, as I said, I might boast about it in Germany; and he played a choral by heart with the pedals, so charmingly and clearly and correctly that it would have done credit to any professional; and the Queen having finished her work, came and sat by him and listened, and looked pleased. Then it was my turn, and I began my chorus from St. Paul, 'How lovely are the messengers.' Before I got to the end of the first verse they both joined in the chorus, and all the time Prince Albert managed the stops for me so cleverly—first a flute, at the *forte* the great organ, at the D major part the whole, then he made a lovely *diminuendo* with the stops, and so on to the end of the piece, and all by heart—that I really was quite enchanted.

"Then the young Prince of Gotha came in, and there was more chatting; and the Queen asked if I had written any new songs, and said she was very fond of singing my published ones. 'You should sing one to him,' said Prince Albert; and, after a little begging, she said she would try the Fruhlingslied in B flat, 'if it is still here,' she added; 'for all my music is packed up for Claremont.' Prince Albert went to look for it, but came back, saying it was already packed ..... At last the Queen went herself, and while she was gone, Prince Albert said to me, 'She begs you will accept this present as a remembrance,' and gave me a little case with a beautiful ring, on which is engraved 'V.R., 1842.'

"Then the Queen came back, and said, 'Lady ——— is gone, and has taken all my things with her. It really is most annoying.' I then begged that I might not be made to suffer for the accident, and hoped she would sing another song. After some consultation with her husband, he said, 'She will sing you something of Gluck's.' Meantime the Princess of Gotha had come in, and we five proceeded through various corridors and rooms to the Queen's sitting-room. The Duchess of Kent came in, too; and while they were all talking, I rummaged about among the music, and soon discovered my first set of songs. So, of course, I begged her rather to sing one of these than the Gluck, to which she very kindly consented; and which did she choose? 'Schoner und schoner schmínkt, sick!' sung it quite charmingly, in strict time and tune, and with very good execution. But, with the exception of one little mistake, it was really charming; and the last long G I have never heard better, or purer, or more natural from an amateur. Then I was obliged to confess that Fanny had written the song (which I found very hard; but pride must have a fall), and to beg her to sing one of my own also. If I would give plenty of help she would *gladly try*, she said; and then she sung the Pilgerspruch 'Das dich mir,' really quite faultlessly, and with charming feeling and expression. I thought to myself one *must not pay too* many compliments on such an occasion, so I merely thanked her a great many times; upon which she said, 'Oh, if only I had not been so frightened; *generally* I have such long breath!' Then I praised her humility, and with the best conscience in the world; for just that part with the long G at the end she had done so well, taking the three following and connecting notes in the same breath, as one seldom hears it done; and, therefore, it amused me doubly that she, herself, should have begun about it.

"After this Prince Albert sung the Aerndterlied, 'Es ist ein Schnitter' and then he said I must play him something before I went, and gave me as themes the choral which he had played on the organ, and the song he had just sung. If everything had gone on as usual, I ought to have improvised most *dreadfully* badly; for it is almost always like that with me when I want it to do well, and then I should have gone away vexed with the whole morning. But just as if I was to keep nothing but the pleasantest, most charming recollection of it, I never improvised better, I was in the best mood for it, and played a long time, and enjoyed it myself; so that besides the two themes, I brought in the songs the Queen had sung naturally enough; and it all went off so easily that I would gladly not have stopped; and they followed me with so much intelligence and attention, that I felt more at my ease than I ever did in improvising to an audience. The Queen said several times she hoped I would soon come to England again and pay them a visit. And then I took leave; and down below I saw the beautiful carriages waiting with their scarlet outriders; and in a quarter of an hour the flag was lowered, and the *Court Circular* announced "Her Majesty left the Palace at twenty minutes past three.'"

The Queen's journal reveals the quiet simple life of the Royal family at Balmoral in the beloved Highlands of Scotland and at Osborne in the Isle of Wight. She alludes to her "Island Home" where all were "wholly given up to the enjoyment of the warm summer weather," and she gives a little picture of "the children catching butterflies and Victoria (the Princess Royal) sitting under the trees." In the Highlands there are "pony rides" and "luncheons and picnics among the hills," where mishaps occur at times, as when "poor Vickey sat down upon a wasp's nest, and the poor child suffered so severely that I (the Queen) could not bear to be with her." Both Osborne and Balmoral were planned and beautified under the personal supervision of the Prince and are therefore doubly dear to the Queen, who spends most of her time at these country houses. The Queen's care for "her children" is shown all through her journals. "It is already a hard case for me," she writes during the early life of the Princess Victoria, "that my occupations prevent me from being with her when she says her prayers." The influence of the Queen's household upon the home life of England cannot be overestimated.

THE QUEEN AT THE AGE OF TWELVE YEARS.

JOHNNY'S WAY.

Papa asked Johnny to weed the flower-plot one morning, but at night he had forgotten it. Mamma asked him to please stay in the house with Mattie, Wednesday afternoon, because she had a cold and couldn't go out, and at night he said he didn't stay in because he didn't feel like it, and mamma didn't say he must.

Then papa asked him another morning to weed out the flower-bed, and at night when he asked why it had not been done, he replied, "'Cause you didn't say I must, and I didn't want to."

Papa went into the house without saying a word, and Johnny felt uneasy. He followed papa around, and watched him closely.

Just after supper, papa remarked quietly: "I had a letter from your uncle Fred this morning, Johnny, and your cousins, Will and Joe, have a birthday party to-night. They have invited you."

Johnny's eyes surely would have made anyone laugh to see how widely a boy's eyes could open, then he fairly gasped in astonishment:

"Why—papa, why didn't you tell me?"

"Oh, I didn't feel like it," fretted papa.

"But I'm invited to the party," cried Johnny, "and I must go. I wouldn't miss one of those parties for the world."

"Well," said papa indifferently, "yes, they invited you if I chose to let you go, but they didn't say I must, and I don't want to."

Well, it was a hard lesson, but nothing except a lesson was going to make any lasting impression on Johnny's mind, or help him to overcome his faults. Uncle Fred's house could be reached by a ride in the horse-cars, and nothing could be more enjoyable than the birthday parties the cousins, Will and Joe, were often allowed to give. Johnny had attended two or three, staying all night afterwards, and always thought them the most delightful occasions imaginable.

In vain he coaxed, and cried, and promised; all he could get papa or mamma to say was, that they didn't feel like letting him go, or didn't want to. Kind-hearted little Mattie tried to persuade papa to forgive Johnny, "just this once," but papa laughed, and said Johnny had been forgiven "just this once" so many times, he should feel it was wicked to forgive him again. Besides, mamma didn't feel like dressing him for a party.

But poor Johnny grew so thoroughly disgusted with a miserable rule which could only work two ways in such a wretched, disappointing way, that he finally grew wise enough to make up his mind to have nothing to do with such rules.—*Presbyterian Messenger.*

ILL MANNERS OF CHILDHOOD.

Short sighted indulgence is responsible for many high crimes and misdemeanors against social law. "Why fret a child about mere trifles?" cries Mrs. Easy-going. "He will lay aside these little ways when he sees that others do not behave so, and will learn good manners instinctively as he grows older." When he is older, alas! the mischief is done, and nothing can undo it. The habits of years are not to be uprooted in a day, and the boorish tricks of the boy are too apt to cling to the man. But there is another penalty for the ill manners of childhood, even when repressed by later painstaking. It is a fact not generally known that the little peculiarities of early youth are sure to return with advancing years. Though in middle life they seem fully eradicated, they re-assert their sway as old age appears. This is a reason why mothers should exercise unceasing vigilance. A boy who slips his hands into his pockets is readily excused, but how painful to see a grown man who cannot rise to offer prayer without plunging his hands into the convenient receptacle! Ten-year-old Jack, ravenous with hunger, uses knife instead of fork, swallows his glass of water at one draught, and sets down the goblet with a loud snort. All this is pardoned in hungry Jack. Will it be as easily condoned when John, M.C., or L.L.D., sits among the eminent men of the country fifty years from now? Many of the laughable eccentricities of elderly people are nothing more or less than the juvenile misdeeds which a too-indulgent mother laughed at as "cunning," or winked at as "of no consequence."—*Watchman.*

"MIX IT IN AS YOU GO ALONG, HANNAH."

BY REV. E. A. RAND.

It rained and rained and rained! It held up a few minutes, and then it began to pour again.

"A dull, dripping sort of a morning," exclaimed Hannah Foster, looking out of the window into the back yard. "All the trees seem to have flung veils of mist over their heads. But who is that, I wonder? Somebody coming to the back door, I believe!" She went to the door, and was accosted by a shabby, stammering man: "You—ain-t—any work for—a—a—man, have you?"

As he spoke, he bowed and lifted his old felt hat, from whose brim the water ran off like drippings from a leaky spout along the eaves of a house. She noticed a scar across his forehead.

Hannah looked at him in pity, and reasoned, "A man must be in a good deal of need to be out in a rain like this." "Let me think," she now said aloud. "I believe there is some wood out in the barn that ought to be piled. You may pile up twenty-five cents' worth."

"Twenty-five cents! That will help-p—me a lot. I'll give ye a good job-b-b for that."

He went to the barn, piled the wood, and afterward reported to Hannah at the back door. He smiled when he received his pay.

"That will get me a—a—shelter to-night er," he said. "I allers f-f-feel I can git along through the day, if I'm sure of a shelter at night. Must have a—a—a shelter, you know."

"Yes," replied Hannah, "we want a shelter on earth, and when we get to the next life we want a shelter in heaven."

"Yes," murmured the man, "a—shelter by and b-b-by. Lucky to git that."

Off he shuffled, bowing his head before the rain, and looking like a walrus out on an excursion. Hannah watched that retreating walrus till the uncertain outlines of his form melted away into the thickening mist.

"There!" she exclaimed when she had closed the door and come back to the sitting room, "why didn't I say something more to that man! Why didn't I do something for him—give him a good paper to read and think over? And I dare say he was hungry, and it wouldn't have harmed him if he had had some of our apples in his pocket. Anyway I might have said something more. He gave me a chance."

"Who gave you a chance?" asked Grandpa Foster, looking up from the paper he was reading. Grandpa Foster was an old clergyman, at that time visiting his daughter, Hannah's mother.

"Oh, it was only a man—some stranger—whom I set to work piling wood in the barn. When I paid him, what was said gave me a chance to drop a word of advice, perhaps. It is so hard, you know, to get hold of that class of people long enough to do them any good."

"Oh, get hold of them in the Sunday-school."

"Sunday-school?"

"I mean through the children. The children of such people, brought into the Sunday-school, will by and by influence the parents."

"But this man, grandpa, I guess was one of the homeless and houseless sort. I imagine that children don't trouble him much. But there! you have suggested one subject, and to pay for it you must tell me something about it. I want to ask you about Sunday-school."

Grandpa Foster was full of interest in the Sunday-school work. When he ceased to talk about it, he was like a ball rolling down hill and chancing to catch in a slight obstacle and so halting. Give the ball a little push, and away to the foot of the hill it speeds. Grandpa, though, never did get to the foot of his hill.

"What do you want to know about it, Hannah?"

"How to succeed in Sunday-school work. That is coming to the point at once."

"I know of only one way, and it is a short way; give yourself to your work, and then ask God to give himself to you for this work."

"That means to do what you can, and add prayer. I do try to be active, and—"

Hannah stopped. Her supplications were a secret between her soul and God. She could not speak easily of these. Grandfather Foster though could guess the truth.

"I don't doubt but that you pray as well as work. I think it is a good idea to mix in our prayers with our work as we go along. I believe in protracted petitions for our work, if the Spirit of God moves us to them; but I believe in something else which is still better, and that is to be in the spirit of prayer continually. When we go to our work, we must not leave God behind us, but take him with us, and work in his presence and speak in his hearing. Some men I meet at their work for Christ impress me in this way—that I feel as if they had shut prayer's closet-door behind them. In the case of others, that closet-door seems to be still open. They seem to work on their knees. There is a certain spiritual atmosphere surrounding them which I can better feel than describe, and which I can only attribute to this constant looking up to God. We are sowers of truth, you know, and we must mix a good deal of prayer with the seed; and I think the best way to do is to mix it in as we go along, Hannah. I guess you understand what I mean?"

Hannah did not make any reply. She heard, though, every word her grandfather uttered. It stirred her so profoundly that there was no disposition to speak, only to think. She gazed in silence out of the window on the mist-veiled trees, on the pattering rain, and the few pedestrians that hurried sombrely past. She seemed to see in a different light this subject of prayer as related to Christian work. A brief conversation with another is sometimes the hinge on which swings for us a door into a new life. What Grandpa Foster said covered the space of only a few moments; its influence upon Hannah was destined to be felt for years.

"Don't know," said Bobbie Gray to himself, "don't know what it is, but teacher seems to be different. She—she—is the same, and yet she isn't the same."

Bobbie Gray was a boy in Hannah Foster's Sunday-school class. Under the tangle of his brown locks, there was not much reasoning power, and he could not get to the bottom of the mystery in the change that his teacher showed. He felt the change. Grandpa Foster's keen eye would have detected it, and he could have discovered the reason for it. Bobbie was talking with his little sister Susie, one day. They were discussing the merits of their respective teachers in Sunday-school. The age of the disputant on the other side was such that Bobbie felt that he could talk very freely upon the subject.

"Ah, my teacher, Miss Thornton, tells us about Jesus," cried Susie boastfully.

"But mine," replied Bobbie, stooping and bringing his eyes down to a level with Susie's, that he might give impressiveness to his words, "mine, Susie, brings you right near Jesus. She makes you feel that Jesus is right there in the class!"

Bobbie had described the result of that change in Hannah Foster's prayer-method. While she had her seasons of communion with Christ in the closet of prayer, she tried when she went out to carry the atmosphere of that communion with her. During the Sunday-school hour, she strove to realize the presence of Jesus—often glanced upward into his face and breathed out her wishes in little petitions that were voiceless. Was it any wonder that Bobbie Gray said his teacher made them feel that Jesus was right there in the class? Was it strange that the Saviour, thus brought down into the class as a near and loving presence, should attract the scholars?

"I don't know just how," said Bobbie Gray to his teacher, looking down and twirling his old brown cap in his hand, one day when the Sunday-school had been dismissed, "I don't know just how, teacher, to be a Christian, but I think I would like to be one!"

It was not long before Bobbie Gray was trusting in the strong Arms let down toward us all. The days went by. Hannah Foster continued to sow the truth, and as she "went along" she "mixed prayer in," Grandpa Foster was again at the house of his daughter. Hannah Foster's home was near a river that divided the town into two quarters. The river was a spiteful stream that felt very quickly the falling of any rains back among the hills, and in such freshets it had several times risen high enough to sweep away the bridge binding together the two portions of the town. One of those freshets had now occurred that always brought anxiety to the people, threatening to sweep away houses, barns, stores, and, of course, the bridge.

"The river has risen so high," said Mr. Foster, Hannah's father, in the morning, "that if any of you must go over the river for anything, you had better go this forenoon."

"Then," affirmed Grandpa Foster, "I think I will go at once, as I have some business there demanding immediate attention."

He crossed the bridge, attended to his business, and was returning. He had almost traversed the bridge when, in company with others, he noticed a sudden and suspicious agitation of the bridge. Startled, he began to run, and looking ahead, saw people hurrying down the street leading to the bridge. One of those who thus hastened down the street bore a huge placard labelled "Danger," which he had been directed by the town authorities to put up on a wall near the bridge, and then he purposed to warn people back. The river, though, had concluded not to wait for him. Suddenly, Grandpa Foster heard the sound of a rupture, and then he saw a scattering of planks and timbers, the water pouring in everywhere. He had a confused recollection of subsequent events. He knew that he clung to something. He knew that he was swept somewhere. He then heard a voice:

"Here, here! G-rip t-hat! Hold on! Don't yer be afraid! G-g-give right up to me! I've got ye!"

He was now conscious that a big brown hand had been thrust out toward him—he was gripping it—he was drawn by it into a boat—and he was saved! A cloud now seemed to settle down upon the mind of the old man. When he came out of his stupor, he was lying on a bed, and Hannah and her mother were bending over him. Just as he began to realize this, he also heard a voice: "Hannah!"

Her father had entered the chamber and was calling. She turned and went to him.

"Hannah, I guess your scholar, Bobbie Gray, wants you to go with him. He's down at the door. You can be spared, I guess, for the doctor says grandpa will get along comfortably. It is only a swoon he is in, he says."

"He has come out of it, father."

"Then I would go at once."

At the door, Bobbie Gray said eagerly, "Oh, teacher, could you come and see Uncle Billy?"

"Who's Uncle Billy?"

"Why—why—he's the man that saved your grandpa."

"He is?"

"Yes'm, and he tried to save another man; and he did get him out, but when he was carrying him home, a team ran into 'em, and Uncle Billy was trampled on by the horses, and was hurt, and—and—and—he won't live. You—you know what to tell him. Father had him brought where we live, and then I wanted you, for uncle can't stand it long."

"Why—why did you want me?"

"Well, teacher, father said we must have some one who could make things plain to uncle."

Bobbie said it not, but thought it, that she could bring the Saviour near to that dying bed, or rather bring it to Him, for he is ever nigh.

When Hannah reached the house, she was led at once to the dying man's bed. There he lay, and across the forehead fast whitening in death, ran a scar.

"Why, this you?" she exclaimed. "And you the man that saved my grandpa!"

"D-d-don't you say nothin' about that. I—I have not forgotten the job you giv' me, and now I want-t another favor. Tell me 'bout the shelter for heaven you spoke of then, that—that rainy mornin'."

"It will be all right if you take hold of Christ."

"Oh, I—I've tried to, many a day."

"Well, he is here now. They tell me when you saved my grandpa, you said he must give right up to you and cling to you."

He nodded assent to this.

"Can't you let Jesus do the same for you?"

"Oh, yes," he murmured. "Give right up to him, and just hold on to him. I will."

There he lay, clinging. Soon a change was seen in his face. It suddenly brightened like the countenance of one who has passed into a place of light and rest.

"He's gone," sobbed Bobbie Gray as he told little Susie, "but I guess teacher brought Jesus right there."—*Intermediate Teacher's Quarterly.*

THE QUEEN AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN YEARS.

IN A CHINESE village, during a time of drouth, a missionary saw a row of idols put out in the hottest and dustiest part of the road. He enquired the reason, and the natives answered, "We prayed our gods to send us rain, and they won't; so we've put them out to see how they like the heat and dryness."

THE CHILDHOOD OF THE QUEEN.

"Again a Charlotte," wrote the old Duchess of Saxe Coburg on hearing of the birth of her little grand-daughter, the Princess Victoria, in the old Palace of Kensington, "destined, perhaps, to play a great part one day if a brother is not born to take it out of her hands. The English like queens." A happy augury for the little unconscious baby and a true one. The English people have had good reason for this liking, for never have they been so prosperous as when a queen in her own right sat upon the throne. It was by no means certain for some time that the baby princess would finally succeed to the throne. There were several lives between her and it, but there was sufficient probability to warrant her being trained with that end in view.

Her mother, on the death of her father, the Duke of Kent, lived very quietly with her children at Kensington, or with her brother, Prince Leopold, who afterwards became King of the Belgians at Claremont. Miss Porter, the author of "The Scottish Chiefs," who often saw the Princess Victoria here, describes her as "a beautiful child with cherubic form of face, clustered round by glossy, fair ringlets; her complexion remarkably transparent, with a soft but often heightening tinge of the sweet blush rose upon her cheeks, imparting a peculiar brilliancy to her clear blue eyes." She was, it is related, a lively child, extremely fond of play, always pleased to talk to strangers, and manifesting a love of popularity which has been quite absent from her later life. Day after day the little one might be seen in white cotton frock and broad straw hat in company with her half-sister, Feodora, trotting back and forth with her little cart, not at all disturbed by the crowds who gathered to watch her, but would occasionally run to the palings, curtsey, kiss her hand, and stop to chat with all who spoke to her.

Three months after the Princess Victoria there was born over in the ducal court at Saxe-Cobourg, the cousin who was to exert, a few years later, such a grand influence over her life, and many charming stories are told of the bits of nursery gossip exchanged between the families. Little Albert's mother fondly declared that he was of extraordinary beauty, "had great blue eyes, dimples on each cheek, three teeth, and at eight months old was already beginning to walk;" while the doings of "the little Mayflower," were faithfully detailed to the old grandmother, and the devoted German nurse, who divided her time between the two households, "could not sufficiently describe what a dear little love" the baby at Kensington was. And over this beloved niece and nephew no father could have watched with more faithful love and watchful care than did the wise Prince Leopold.

If the Princess Victoria had been only a peasant's child she could not have been brought up in stricter habits of economy and thrift. She had her regular allowance of pocket money, and on no account were her expenditures allowed to go beyond it. On one occasion at a bazaar at Tunbridge Wells she had been buying presents for her relatives, when just as her money was gone she remembered one cousin more, and that she could not purchase a certain beautiful box which she wanted for him. The shop-keeper, of course, was putting it up with the rest of the purchases when her governess interposed, saying that it was against the rule, that the Princess must not buy anything for which she could not pay at once. The shopkeeper then offered to put the box aside until she could purchase it. There was no rule to be found against this, and the Princess's next quarter day found her on her donkey before seven o'clock in the morning, and off to the store where she paid the money and carried off her box. She was taught to be very thorough in all she undertook. She studied the British Constitution under a famous Law Professor, and at twelve years old she was a fair Latin scholar, able to read Virgil and Horace. She was enthusiastically fond of music, and sketching became her favorite amusement. She was also a regular reader of Harriet Martineau's stories in illustration of political economy, and on one occasion she told Robert Southey that she derived great pleasure from reading his poetry and prose, and that she had gone through his "Life of Nelson" half a dozen times.

The regular simplicity of the life of the young princess is well illustrated by the story of a great ball given by the Marquis of Exeter, when she was just seventeen, which she attended. She opened the ball with the Marquis and then after her one dance was sent quietly off to bed. The King often expressed great indignation that she was not allowed to attend the drawing-rooms and take part in other court ceremonies, his anger once carrying him so far as to publicly insult the Duchess of Kent at a dinner party which he gave at Windsor Castle in celebration of his last birthday, at which both she and the Princess Victoria were present.

Until the little girl was twelve years old no hint of her true position as probable heir to the crown ever reached her ears. But when a bill was brought into Parliament to make the Duchess of Kent Regent in case the Princess was called upon to ascend the throne before she came of age, it was thought necessary to tell her. How the situation was made known to her can best be told in the words of her governess the Baroness of Lehgen as she related it in a letter to the Queen more than twenty years afterwards.

THE QUEEN TAKING THE OATH ON HER CORONATION, JUNE 28TH, 1838.

"I ask your Majesty's leave," she wrote, "to cite some remarkable words of your Majesty when only twelve years old; while the Regency Bill was in progress. I then said to the Duchess of Kent that now for the first time your Majesty ought to know your place in the Succession. Her Royal Highness agreed with me, and I put the genealogical table into the historical book. When Mr. Davys (the Queen's instructor, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough) was gone, the Princess Victoria opened the book again as usual, and seeing the additional paper, said, 'I never saw that before.' 'It was not thought necessary that you should, Princess,' I answered. 'I see, I am nearer the throne than I thought.' 'So it is, Madam,' I said. After some moments the Princess resumed 'Now many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendor, but there is much responsibility.' The Princess having lifted up the fore-finger of her right hand while she spoke, gave me that little hand saying, 'I will be good. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn even Latin. My cousins Augusta and Mary never did; but you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar, and of all the elegant expressions, and I learned it as you wished it, but I understand all better now,' and the little Princess gave me her hand, repeating, 'I will be good.'" In no known incident of the childhood of the Princess, as in this touching little scene, does the future mature character of the Queen so clearly manifest itself.

DEAD SOULS.

An old physician remarked lately, "There is no study in human nature so difficult to me as a certain class of young girls. I spent a part of this summer with two specimens of this class They had the usual amount of capacity for observing, understanding and feeling. They had been educated at much cost to their parents; both were constant attendants at church.

"I saw nothing in their faces, manners, or bearing to argue that they were imbecile. Their mother was an invalid, nearing the grave. Nothing could be more touching than the patient, appealing gaze with which her eyes followed them, watching for some signal of affection. But they had eyes and thought for nothing but a gown they were making. They were used to her love, her illness, even to the thought of her death.

"I walked out with them through a great forest under the solemn stars. They saw no beauty, no sublimity, in them. They chattered incessantly of the new trimming of their bonnets. They were used to the meaning of the trees and stars. The only thing apparently to which they were not used were the changes in ribbons, puffs and flounces.

"I went to church with them, and listened to the great 'Te Deum' which has come down to us through many ages, and lifted the hearts of countless worshippers to God. They nudged each other while they sang it to look at a beaded cloak in the next pew.

"We physicians now test the temperature of a patient's body, and if we find it below a certain degree, know that death is already in the heart. When I find so low a degree of temperature in the words, actions and thoughts of a human body, I begin to fear that the soul within is cold and dead beyond recall."

Old John Bunyan taught us the same lesson in his picture of the man with the muck-rake, who incessantly scraped together the foul, perishable stuff, and kept his eyes bent on it, while the great world opened around him, and the winds blew, and the sun shone, and God waited for him behind them all.

Do we, too, use this rake, and what is it that we gather?—*Youth's Companion.*

NOT "SMART."

Of all forms of bad breeding, the pert, smart manner affected by boys and girls of a certain age is the most offensive and impertinent. One of these so-called smart boys was once employed in the office of the treasurer of a Western railway. He was usually left alone in the office between the hours of eight and nine in the morning, and it was his duty to answer the questions of all callers as clearly and politely as possible.

One morning a plainly dressed old gentleman walked quietly in, and asked for the cashier.

"He's out," said the boy, without looking up from the paper he was reading.

"Do you know where he is?"

"No."

"When will he be in?"

"'Bout nine o'clock."

"It's nearly that now, isn't it? I haven't Western time"

"There's the clock," said the boy smartly, pointing to a clock on the wall.

"Oh yes; thank you," said the gentleman. "Ten minutes until nine. Can I wait here for him?"

"I s'pose so, though this isn't a public hotel."

The boy thought this was smart, and he chuckled aloud over it. He did not offer the gentleman a chair, or lay down the paper he held.

"I would like to write a note while I wait," said the caller; "will you please get me a piece of paper and an envelope?"

The boy did so, and as he handed them to the old gentleman, he coolly said,—

"Anything else?"

"Yes," was the reply. "I would like to know the name of such a smart boy as you are."

The boy felt flattered by the word "smart," and wishing to show the full extent of his smartness, replied,—

"I'm one of John Thompson's kids, William by name, and I answer to the call of 'Billy.' But here comes the boss!"

The "boss" came in, and, seeing the stranger, cried out,—

"Why, Mr. Smith, how do you do? I'm delighted to see you. We"——

But John Thompson's "kid" heard no more. He was looking around for his hat. Mr. Smith was president of the road, and Billy heard from him later, to his sorrow. Any one needing a boy of Master Billy's peculiar "smartness" might secure him, as he is still out of employment.—*Youth's Companion.*

IMPORTANCE OF FIDELTY TO TRUTH.

"Father tells wrong stories; don't he, Emery? Didn't you hear him say to Mr. Ballard, yesterday morning, that he paid two hundred dollars for the new horse, when he told mother the night before it only cost him one hundred and twenty-five? And don't you know he told him, too, he should be obliged to ask him sixty dollars per acre for that farm land, which was just what it cost him a year ago; when I saw father pay money for it, and know it was only forty? And then to shut us up here because I told him we came directly from school, when he happened to see us stopping by the wayside! Oh! didn't he look stern when he said he would not have any lying boys about him! I wanted to ask him why he told Mr. Welles, this morning, he was such a faithful friend to him, and would do anything to favor him, and then turn right around, the moment he was gone, and say he despised the man, and would not do him a good turn to save his life; and when mother remonstrated a little, he said, 'Oh! policy, my dear; Mr. Welles is a man of influence.'"—*Bib. Museum.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

ALPHABET OF HEALTH.

The Trinity Church Association of New York City distributes gratuitously among the tenement houses in the lower wards of the city a printed card containing the following hints on the preservation of health. The lines are worth preserving and certainly worth practising:

As soon as you are up, shake blankets and sheet;
Better be without shoes than sit with wet feet:
Children, if healthy, are active, not still;
Damp beds and damp clothes will both make you ill;
Eat slowly, and always chew your food well;
Freshen the air in the house where you dwell;
Garments must never be made to be tight;
Homes will be healthy if airy and light;
If you wish to be well, as you do, I've no doubt,
Just open the windows before you go out;
Keep your rooms always tidy and clean,
Let dust on the furniture never be seen;
Much illness is caused by the want of pure air,
Now to open your windows be over your care;
Old rags and old rubbish should never be kept;
People should see that their floors are well swept;
Quick movements in children are healthy and right;
Remember the young cannot thrive without light;
See that the cistern is clean to the brim;
Take care that your drain is all tidy and trim:
Use your nose to find out if there be a bad drain,
Very sad are the fevers that come in its train.
Walk as much as you can without feeling fatigue;
Xerxes could walk full many a league;
Your health is your wealth which your wisdom must keep;
Zeal will help a good cause, and the good you will reap.

CHOOSING BUTCHER'S MEAT.

A few suggestions on the subject of choosing butcher's meat, may not be out of place:—Good beef, when fresh, has a fine grain, and is of a vermillion color, with a slight tint of purple on the cut surface. It is firm but tender to the touch, and is so elastic that no mark is left after pressure from the finger. The fat is yellowish white, like fresh butter, and firm. Sometimes the lean is slightly veined with fat, but it must have no flavor of suet. The surface must be quite dry when cut, scarcely moistening the finger. If a clean knife be pushed up to the handle into the raw meat, the resistance will be uniform if it be fresh, but if some parts are softer than others, it has begun to decompose. When beef is lean, coarse and sinewy looking, it is old and tough. Mutton and lamb should have a fine grain; the lean should be bright and evenly tinted, and the fat perfectly white. In mutton the lean is pale red. In hanging mutton, if it be hung with the cut part up instead of down, as usual, the juices will be far better preserved. Veal should have firm white fat, and the lean have a pinkish tinge. If the barbarism of bleeding has been practised, the flesh will be quite white. Veal should be six or eight weeks old before it is killed, else it is unwholesome. Too young veal may be detected by a bluish tint. The vigilance of meat inspectors should, however, prevent the immature veal from entering the market. In choosing mutton or veal from the carcase the quality may be determined from the fat inside the thigh. If there be plenty of clear, firm fat there, the meat is good. Pork, when fresh and young, is smooth and firm and the rind is thin. The lean must be of a uniform color and the fat white and not at all streaked. Salted corn-fed pork has pinkish fat. A good test of ham is to run a knife under the bone; if it comes out clean and smells pleasantly the ham is good. In choosing fish, see that the gills are bright pink, the fins stiff, and the eyes clear and full; the scales and skin must be bright.

CARE OF THE HAIR.

The frequent use of alkali in the water with which the head is washed has the effect of impoverishing the hair, and making it finer, thinner, less durable, and more liable to break from its root and to fall off. Coarse soaps also have the same effect of impoverishing the hair, and even the finer ones are not always desirable things to use if the hair is long and delicate in structure. Plain tepid water into which a small quantity of Eau-de-Cologne, sal volatile, or spirit of hartshorn has been poured is more suitable for the purpose. In the absence of these fluids a small quantity of spirit of wine or whiskey can be used. Although rum is often recommended, alone or together with other remedies, for the purpose of stimulating the hair-bulbs and increasing the growth of hair, yet it is not so desirable to use it when the head has simply to be cleansed. The other spirituous fluids are less "sticky." Violet powder can be used for cleansing purposes by persons with very fair hair. But it is always desirable to wash the head thoroughly once a week at least in order that scurf-skin, and especially dried-up secretions from the skin, may be thoroughly removed, the latter act as irritants to the skin's surface when they are stale, block up some of its pores, and sometime cause pimples to form. A very good cleansing fluid may be made by mixing a minute quantity of soft soap with water, adding to it some Eau-de-Cologne or simple spirit of lavender, or any other pleasant scent. After the cleansing process has been completed, a small quantity of some delicate kind of pomatum should be rubbed upon the surface of the head, unless the hair is so light in color that the use of pomatum detracts from the natural appearance of the hair; in this case the brush should be dipped into a weak mixture of Eau-de-Cologne and water and the hair should be gently brushed. Hard and coarse brushes often do a great deal of harm by irritating the skin, and such rough appliances should never be used unless the hair is wiry and unyielding. Crimping the hair too frequently has also the effect of impoverishing it, and habitual crimping often makes the hair poor and thin after it has been practised for some months, the crimping being as injurious by interfering with the circulation of the fluids of the hair as violent brushing and tight twisting of it are. Refined marrow is of much greater use in the manufacture of pomatums than lard on account of its smoother and softer consistence. Whether the hair be long or short the same care should be taken in managing it.—*Welden's Ladies' Journal.*

HOUSE AFFAIRS.

The wise housekeeper never gets into a "stew." She aims right at the mark through every movement of her hand and by every footstep. If she has house-cleaning to attend to, she doesn't commence by tearing up every room in the house and putting the entire establishment in a chaos of confusion. But she takes one room at a time, has it cleaned and purified and put to rights again before there is any further upheaval. System is as essential in the government of the household as in that of the State. Order, promptness, punctuality, industry, and good judgment are the necessary and efficient forces in the home. To these add cheerfulness, patience, and thoughtful care for the general comfort and happiness of its members, and you will make the home what it should be—the centre of all that is best and dearest to the human heart.

THE QUEEN IN 1819.

RECIPES.

For Cleaning Windows and looking-glasses nothing is equal to ammonia water. An ounce of rock-ammonia should be dissolved in a pint of cold water, then bottle for use.

Apple Pancakes.—Put four tablespoonfuls of flour into a bowl, with a pinch of salt and a little sugar. Stir these ingredients well together, and form them into a stiff batter with three well-beaten eggs and a little milk. The batter must be stiffer than for ordinary pancakes. Peel four or five apples and chop them very small; mix them with the batter and fry in the usual way.

Purchase soap in large quantities and allow it to dry before using it. Almost all the soap found in the stores is freshly made, and the great waste grows out of the fact that when soft it will dissolve rapidly in water. In the course of wash-day a large part of the bar will melt away with no perceptible result, unless, indeed, an unnecessary reddening and softening of the hands is taken into account.

Pineapples should always be kept in a cold place, and used before they soften to the point of decay. In the Indies care is taken not to slice the fruit with the same knife used for cutting the rind; the reason has been given in an English medical journal that the rind contains an acrid element so powerful as to effect the mucous membrane to an irritating degree. We who have been bitten by its kisses might do well to test this assertion, and all should mark the difference in the flavor of pineapples cut with steel and silver knives.

Canned Corn Soup.—One can of sweet corn; one quart of boiling water; one quart of milk; three tablespoonfuls of butter rolled in one tablespoonful of flour; two eggs; pepper and salt; one tablespoonful of tomato catsup. Drain the corn and chop it in a chopping-tray. Put on in the boiling water and cook steadily one hour. Rub through a colander, leaving the husks behind and return, with the water in which it has boiled, to the fire. Season; boil gently three minutes and stir in the butter and flour. Have ready the boiling milk, pour it upon the beaten eggs, and these into the soup. Simmer one minute, stirring all the while; take up, add the catsup and pour out.

Curried Eggs.—Boil six eggs twenty minutes. Remove the shells and cut into halves or slices. Fry one teaspoonful of chopped onion in one tablespoonful of butter, being careful not to burn it; add one heaping teaspoonful of flour or one even tablespoonful of cornstarch mixed with half a tablespoonful of curry powder. Pour on slowly one cup and a half of white stock, or milk, or cream; add salt and pepper to taste. Simmer till the onions are soft. Add the eggs, and when warmed through serve in a shallow dish; or arrange the eggs on hot toast, and pour the sauce over them; or cover with buttered crumbs and bake till the crumbs are brown.

Egg Balls in Baskets.—Boil three eggs twenty minutes. Remove the shells, cut off a thin slice at each end that the eggs may stand upright, and cut in halves crosswise. Remove the yolks, and stand the cups or baskets thus made around the edge of a platter. Rub the yolks to a smooth paste; add an equal amount of cooked ham or tongue, chopped fine, one tablespoonful of melted butter, salt, pepper and mustard to taste. Make into balls the size of the original yolks, and fill the cups. Make one cup of white sauce, with cream or milk and white stock, seasoned with salt and pepper. Pour it in the centre of the eggs. Set the platter in the oven a few minutes, and when ready to serve put a tiny bit of parsley on each ball. In place of the meat you may use, if you prefer, two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, a speck of cayenne pepper, and moisten with vinegar and olive oil.

Muffins.—There are many nice recipes for muffins, but we have one favorite, for plain muffins, very nice when eggs are scarce, which may be new to most of our readers. Two cupfuls of flour, one cupful of milk, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of butter, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder mixed with the flour. Warm the butter just enough to soften it, put all the ingredients together, and mix well and rapidly. Heat and butter roll pans, and put a tablespoonful of the batter into each, and bake in a quick oven, or, as we generally cook them, butter muffin rings, and put them on a hot griddle, fill half full with the batter, cover with a pan or deep tin cover, which will not interfere with the rising of the muffins. When nicely browned at the under crust, turn carefully and quickly. They should not be covered this time, and need but a few minutes cooking. As soon as they are well browned they are done. This quantity makes a dozen muffins in good sized rings, and we find this method of cooking very convenient in the morning when one is hurried and doesn't want to wait for the oven to heat, or when the fire is "contrary" or too low to heat it, and especially convenient when the weather is too warm to keep sufficient fire to ensure a hot oven.

PUZZLES.

HISTORICAL MEN. WHO ARE THEY?

1. "He made just laws, that they might live more happily and freely; he turned away all partial judges, that no wrong might be done them; he was so careful of their property, and punished robbers so severely, that it was a common thing to say that . . . garlands of golden chains and jewels might have hung across the streets, and no man would have touched one."
2. "He is the living leader of a lost cause."
3. "The hero despaired and died; . . . . . and the mighty river became at once his glory and his grave."
4. "He spoke in the strong Northumbrian dialect of his district, and described himself as 'only the engine-wright at Killingworth; that's what he was.'"

BATCH OF TENS—ANAGRAMS.

1. Ten linger.
2. Ten scour.
3. "Ten" said O.
4. Ten rusted.
5. Ten rise.
6. Ten share.
7. Ten hire.
8. Ten paid.
9. Ten silly.
10. Ten wish.
11. Ten slide.
12. Ten creep.

A TURRET.

My first is in some, not in all;
My second is in climb, not in fall;
My third is in shine, not in light;
My fourth is in reason, not in sight;
My fifth is in grief, not in joy;
My sixth is in uncle, not in boy;
My seventh is in rat, and in ferret;
My total is a lofty turret.

CONCEALED ARTICLES.

1. Rhubarb, oil, ergot, and other drugs are very useful.
2. Come, Mr. Wilbur, now is the time for you to say something to the point.
3. This is certainly a new feature, entirely different from what we have ever seen before.
4. Did he give you a knock? No, but he gave me a slap that was almost equal to a knock down.
5. When company comes to your house, kindly receive them, attend to them courteously, and even in small things make their visit happy.
6. There is some nice chicken salad! Let's help ourselves to some.
7. I have some money here for you; you can spend half, or keep the whole, as you would like.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

Cross Word Puzzle.—Prohibition.

Square.—
D I S H
I D E A
S E A L
H A L L

A Batch of Tens.—1. Nestlings; 2. entitles; 3. entrances; 4. lateness; 5. sentences; 6. stewing; 7. transient; 8. garnets; 9. sentinel; 10. entices; 11. earnest, 12. canters; 13. sentient; 14. banters; 15. breasting; 16. entraps; 17. strained; 18. sentries; 19. canteens.

Metamorphoses.

1. Warm, ward, card, cord, cold.
2. Boy, bay, ban, man.
3. Six, sin, tin, ten.
4. Star, soar, boar, boor, boon, moon.
5. Love, hove, have, hate.
6. Black, block, clock, click, chick, clink, chine, whine, white.
7. Head, heed, feed, feet.
8. Body, bole, bowl, fowl, foul, soul.

Beheadings.—1. Glove-love; 2. bowl-owl; 3. farm-arm; 4. brook-rook; 5. valley-alley; 6. frock-rock; 7. frill-rill; 8. cover-over; 9. thigh-high.

WHO REFORMED THE MISSION CIRCLE.

BY MARIANA M. BISBEE.

Mirandy and I hadn't never been to mission meeting, for all we'd lived in Summit goin' on three year. We'd never got any particular invitation, though, to be sure, our minister read it regular, Sunday, amongst the other notices. But somehow it never came home to us that 'twas our duty to take holt without waitin' to be asked, till one Sunday we had a stranger preach for us.

He was a real smart, pleasant-spoke man—though not a bit better than our minister,—and when he give out notices he read off notice of mission meetin', and then says he, "I do not know whether it is your pastor's custom in reading these notices to make further remarks on them. But this mission circle is of course supported by all the Christian ladies of the congregation, and I suppose you all make special effort to attend the meetings."

Then he went on preachin'; but Mirandy and I set there kind o' dumb-founded. You can't think how ashamed we felt. 'Twant but a little thing the pastor had said, but somehow it took right holt of us, and we made up our minds that, come what would we'd go to the next mission meetin'.

Seem's though we couldn't wait for Wednesday to git round, we was so anxious to make up for past failures. And really there hadn't been the least mite of excuse for us, living as we did—just two old-maid sisters by ourselves; only, as I said, it hadn't come home to us before

Well, we started out. The meetin' was at three o'clock, and 'twas quarter of, when we left home. But there was no one in sight when we went up the hill to the meetin'-house. "Perhaps our clock was fast," says Mirandy. "Or slow," says I. "Mebbe we're late."

But when we got into church we heard laughin' and talkin' somewhere, so we knew meetin' hadn't begun. There was a little blue-eyed lady—a stranger—standin' by the stairs, lookin' kind o' perplexed, but she brightened up when she saw us. "I didn't know just where to go," she said; "but you can show me now."

I looked at Mirandy. "Well, the fact is," says she, "we hain't been here before, ourselves,—but I guess we can find the way. They're in one of the small vestries." And she went ahead and pushed open the door.

We followed on, expectin' to see all Summit inside, but if you'll believe it, there set jest seven women! Two young ones, and three middlin' old, and Grandma Packard and another old lady. Then there was two children, set up stiff in chairs by the wall. I never was more beat.

But the circle looked more astonished than Miranda and me. They didn't seem to be expectin' company. However, they made us very welcome, and Mis' Brown—she's president—called the meetin' to order, then made a short prayer, and then called for the minutes of the last meetin'. Near's we can remember, there was six at that meetin', and they'd had eighteen cents tumbler collection.

Thinks I, well, these ain't much like Sunday meetin's—and I felt more ashamed than ever. Why, the sewin' they'd git done at one o' their meetin's wouldn't keep the smallest heathen in Ingy warm through summer. Well, they got the report read, and asked if there was any further business, and there didn't seem to be much. It got awful still, and them two children—old Mis' Packard brought 'em—laffed right out. Then the little lady that came with us spoke up and says she, "Perhaps this is not the right time for it, but I wish to join your society—to-day, if I may."

Mis' Brown seemed very glad to hear it, and while she was signin' her name, I nudged Mirandy and she spoke up sayin' we'd join too. Well, we got through the joinin' business, and one young lady read a piece about a lady missionary's trials among the heathen. 'Twas kind of interesting but I couldn't make out where the place was, or whether there was anything we could do about it. The lady that wrote the piece—seems though she was havin' a pretty hard time, for she said money was needed very much, and books and cards; but the circle didn't talk it over any, and when she got through readin' they hauled out some cotton pieces and went to sewin'. I went round amongst them and tried to find out what they was for. One young lady said she thought the president would know—"but it's for a deservin' object," she said. We sewed till near supper time; and I declare I felt discouraged, for them seven women, president and all, jest sat talkin' scandal faster'n they worked. They tore the minister and his wife all to pieces, and forgot to put them together again, and they give everybody a bad name in the parish. I was thankful Mirandy and I come, for I didn't know what they might a' said if we hadn't been there. And them two children set by, scratchin' gathers and listenin' to every word.

Mis' Wilbur—that's the little lady's name—she didn't say anything, but she jest sat there with her blue eyes lookin' sort o' surprised, and sewed very fast.

When meetin' broke up she walked down a piece with us. "Wan't you most discouraged at the small number, Mis' Wilbur," says Mirandy.

"Oh, no," says she. "Seven women can do wonderful things. Besides, there are three more than there were this morning."

"I noticed you didn't take no part in the conversation, Mis' Wilbur," says I. "I thought you didn't approve of it more'n we did. There's a good deal to be done in that direction. We must make it a subject of special prayer." "And of work too," said Mis' Wilbur, as she left us at the corner.

Well, Mirandy and I prayed over it a good deal; that those mission meetin's might be blessed, and a goodly number present. And Mirandy found some excellent missionary tracts, and sent 'em round to a good many of the best families, and we jest folded our hands and waited for next Wednesday. We was so anxious to see some good accomplished!

Never shall I forget how pleased we felt when the time come, and one after another the women and young folks come in till there was twenty-six there! And such a good meetin'. Some one had brought in a blackboard and made a map on it of the mission fields, and marked how far off they was, and how many workers in 'em, and wrote the names of all the big places, so when pieces was read we could look right on and understand. An' the president read us a lot about some place where a missionary was just goin', and proposed that our society pledge to give a certain share of her salary every year. She had a letter from the missionary, too—come the day before, tellin' how she felt about goin' away, and what things she thought would be needed.

Well, we all got our spirits up, and when we got to sewin' there was so much to plan there didn't seem to be no time to gossip; and Mirandy and I felt that our prayers had done a great deal. We couldn't help feelin' real pleased and proud, too; and we went home pretty well satisfied.

The next meetin' was even better. Mis' Wilbur she brought her little girl to draw maps for us—she did it real cute, too,—and explain about the places; and she'd brought a lot of tidies and splashers marked in outline for the little girls to work with pretty colors while we sewed; she said she could find a market for 'em.

Then Mis' Brown's girl—she's getting to be quite a young lady—drawed somethin' on the board that was real curious. She made queer shaped figures of light, shinin' on to dark patches of the world, and explained that 'twas Christianity shinin' on heathen nations, and, my senses! there wasn't but one little spot that she said stood for the number of Christian folks in the world, and such enormous patches of black! We all felt as if we'd better let our lights shine a little brighter.

Right in the middle of meetin' Mirandy leaned over to me, and says she, "How many folks do you see, that we sent tracts to?"

I looked all round, and I couldn't count up but two. We didn't know what to make of it. But goin' home we got our eyes opened. Mis' Brown's girl walked behind us, talkin' to a friend. "Oh, that little Mrs. Wilbur is such a worker!" she said, "Why she certainly brought as many as fifteen persons to the meeting. I wouldn't have come myself but for her coaxing. And she thinks up the nicest little ideas. She brought that blackboard, you know, and showed me how to make that drawing. And she's planned a lot of nice things with mamma. We're going to have a little entertainment at every meeting, and regular drills about foreign countries, and correspond with the missionaries ourselves. Oh, I'm real glad she made me come!"

Mirandy and I went home in silence. What were we to think? We had had faith and Mis' Wilbur had had works, and now the question was, "Who reformed the Mission Circle?"—*Morning Star.*

ALBERT, PRINCE CONSORT, IN 1840.

MRS. GREY'S SACRIFICE.

BY KATE S. GATES.

Mrs. Grey drew a little breath of pure content as she stood by the cheerful grate fire in her cosy little library. She had just finished her morning's work of putting the parlors to rights.

"I believe," she said softly to herself, "that I am just as near being perfectly happy as it is possible for anyone to be. I ought to be content, certainly, with such a dear, good husband and pleasant home."

Then, having assured herself that everything was in order for the day, she ran upstairs to her own room and took up her Bible for her morning chapter. It was in Malachi. She wished, as she opened to her place, that it was in one of the Gospels or Epistles. Those were written for everybody as long as the world should last, but she never thought of finding any special word for her own life in the Old Testament. She read it because it was a part of the Bible, and she thought that she must.

So now this morning, as she read, her thoughts were not on her reading, but downstairs, wondering what kind of a spread would be prettiest for the little stand in the back parlor, and if the new statuette would not look better between the two front windows.

Suddenly she stopped. What was that she had just read?

"And if ye offer the blind for sacrifice, is it not evil? and if ye offer the lame and sick, is it not evil? Offer it now unto thy governor, will he be pleased with thee or accept thy person? saith the Lord of hosts."

Her Bible slipped from her hands as she sat gazing into the fire.

What kind of sacrifices and offerings had she brought to God? His gifts to her had been rich and plentiful; what had she offered unto Him?

"The more John does for me the more I want to do for him," she thought, with crimsoning cheeks. "I just try to think of things to please him, and to do for him, but I am afraid it isn't so about God. I don't see as I've given anything but old clothes that we could spare as well as not, and the regular contributions, but then I spend twice as much for things I do not really need.

"I gave myself to God, of course, a long time ago, but I am afraid that has been anything but a perfect offering. And I do believe," she exclaimed in her earnestness, "that, imperfect as I am, instead of giving the best of myself to God I have given it to John, to society, and to my own pleasure.

"I never would have gone into any evening company as tired and worn out as I went to last Thursday evening's meeting.

"Oh, dear! if the Lord was displeased with His people in those days, what must He be with me?"

It was with a very penitent, humble heart that Mrs. Grey knelt to plead for pardon and help for the future.

She had an errand down town that morning. On her way home she met Dr. Rogers. She knew him slightly; he was a member of the church they attended, but she was not prepared for his bright smile of greeting and outstretched hand.

"I believe the Lord sent you to me," he said. "I was just asking him to show me some one for teacher in the Foundry Mission School. Won't you and your husband each take a class? I was almost in despair, for we are so short of workers just now; but I could not make up my mind to give up the field, for the harvest is plenteous."

Mrs. Grey was on the point of refusing decidedly, when suddenly her morning's reading flashed into her mind.

Here was a chance for a genuine sacrifice, for the mission school held its session Sabbath afternoon, the only afternoon in the week when John was home, and they did enjoy it so! To be sure, it would not take all the afternoon, but it would spoil it.

"It wasn't," she pleaded with herself, "as though they spent the time as some did, riding, paying or receiving visits. To think of giving up those nice long talks and hours of Bible study together for teaching those rough foundry boys and girls! No, she could not," she decided, as she hurried along. She wanted to get as far away from that troublesome doctor as possible.

And yet should she always offer unto the Lord that which cost her nothing, that which was cast off—like her last winter's cloak that she gave to a poor woman last week, that which was left over from everything else?

A sudden sense of bitter shame at her own ingratitude swept over Mrs. Grey. He, the Lord of hosts, had redeemed her; He had filled her cup of blessings full and running over. Could she refuse anything?

The hot tears sprang to her eyes, and turning, she rapidly retraced her steps to Dr. Rogers' office, to say, "We will take the classes if you are willing. I can promise for my husband without waiting to ask him. He is always ready to do his duty, and I hope I shall be in the future."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Shall rise in majesty to meet thine own.
—*Lowell.*

A STORY FOR PARENTS.

BY ELIZABETH REEVES.

"Well, grandfather, you have had an unusually successful life—don't you think so?" said Edward Bonner to his grandfather, as they sat talking together, one fine day.

"That depends on what you mean by successful. I have made quite a fortune; is that what you mean?"

"No, not exactly, although that is part of it. I mean your whole life has been a successful one; besides being wealthy, your standing in society is excellent."

"Well, you have come to years of maturity, and already have little children growing up around you, and as I would like to impress upon you what their needs are, and also tell what I think it is to succeed in life, perhaps it would be well to give you a leaf or two out of my own history, showing where I have not succeeded, and the cause of it. When I started out for myself in life I thought a rich man was a successful one, and so bent all my energies to money-making; my wife and children were always well clothed, our table was excellent, our home comfortable in every way. I spared no expense within my means for the education of my children; and so was spoken of as an exemplary husband and father."

"And so you were. I'm sure you couldn't have set me a better example."

"There is your mistake. Like most fathers, you think that if you provide necessary food, clothing, and teachers, the work is well done. Now, my dear boy, do not make this mistake with your children. I made it with mine. Success is to make the best use of one's self in every direction. The most important element of success for a father or mother is the training of their children in such a way as to develop the best that is in them. To do this they should study their children; find out their needs, their preferences, their cravings—become acquainted with them. This, at first, seems almost ludicrous. You will say, How can they help being acquainted with their own children? But there are numberless parents and children who grow up in total ignorance of each other; fathers who do not understand their sons, mothers who do not understand their daughters. And why? Because they have not lived in sympathy with them, not knowing their ambitions, desires, hopes, and fears; they have lived with their children in an atmosphere of control and submission; a false sense of dignity makes them afraid to manifest their love. I tell you, sympathy and manifested love would have been more than all else to many a young man or woman who has had a sad, hopeless inner life of which no one dreamed. Seek your children's society; it will pay far better than the society of those with whom you often kill time and call it recreation. There is nothing more truly re-creative than associations with growing minds. Romp and play with the little ones; talk and laugh and listen and advise with the older ones; make confidantes of your children; cause them to feel always sure of your interest and sympathy. This was the rock on which I struck. I found out, when too late, that my children were strangers to me. Your Uncle George would have been a better man if I had cultivated an acquaintance with him, and had given him more of my time; but I thought as long as he had what was necessary for his comfort my work was done. I afterward learned that there had been a time when he would have given all that he had or hoped to have for the society and friendship of his father, but it was too late; he had found other sympathy, and his life was ruined. My failure to understand my son makes me consider my whole life a failure."—*Exchange.*

KEEPING ENGAGEMENTS.

"I think, as a rule, women think very little of breaking an engagement of any kind," I said. "I can't tell you how often I have received regrets at the last moment from friends who had only the most trivial excuses to offer for disappointing me. And, as you say, they do not seem to think that they may be putting any one to inconvenience. Mrs. Mardell was telling me only yesterday, about a lunch party she gave last week in honor of her friend Miss Banks, who was here for a few days on her way to New Orleans, where she is to spend the winter. You know Mrs. Mardell isn't at all strong, so it was quite an undertaking for her to give a lunch. But she determined to have everything in the best style possible, and went to a great deal of expense as well as trouble. The day came, and the six ladies invited to meet Miss Banks arrived in due season, but Miss Banks herself failed to appear. Mrs. Mardell waited for her until the lunch was nearly spoiled, and at length had to sit down without her. She fully expected a note or telegram during the afternoon, explaining her absence, but none came. The next day Mrs. Mardell was down town, and met Miss Banks on the street. Of course, she asked her why she had not fulfilled her engagement, and Miss Banks replied that she had been so busy finishing a little crayon sketch she wanted to send away that she forgot all about the lunch until it was too late to go, but hoped it hadn't made any difference."—*Cor. Household.*

GIRLS IN AFRICA.

A father looks upon his girl as being of the value of so many goats, and he is ready to sell her as soon as any man offers him the required payment. Thus, while she is quite young—perhaps only four or five—her life and liberty may have been sold away by her own father, and sooner or later she must become the wife, the slave, and drudge of her owner. While at Mayumba, near the mouth of the Congo river, I one afternoon heard a child screaming frantically behind the house where I was staying, and going out I found a little Bavilla girl not more than four years old, who had just been brought down the lagoon from her home away in the Mamba Hills, where she had been bought by a Mayumba man. The crew of the canoe in which she had been brought down—six big, fierce-looking men—were standing around the little prisoner, pointing their guns and spears at her just for the sport of seeing her shake and scream with fright; and a band of women were dancing with wild delight at the heartless game. It was possible to save the poor child from the cruel treatment just then, but that was just only the beginning of a lifetime of suffering for her in the midst of a strange people, with no friend at hand to help or protect her.

THE QUEEN AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN.

One morning a woman came to the mission-house at Victoria carrying a sick infant, for whom she wished medicine. I feared the child was dying, but went to get some medicine ready for it, when I heard outside the mother's voice break out into the wild dirge, which told me the little one had died. Ah! I felt I could leave the spirit of that little one in the hands of a tender, loving Christ; but, just at my side, there was a bright little lassie of six or seven, who had been only a short time in the mission, but who had learned very quickly, and into whose heart we trusted the light of the knowledge of Jesus had begun to shine. She was bright, healthy, happy; death was not yet for her, but something worse awaited her. A day or two after, a stalwart Bakwill man came to the mission-house and asked if we had a girl called Bekumber. "Yes." "Then I want her; she belongs to me." And so she did. Bright, winsome little Bekumber's day of joy was over; she had been sold to this man, and now he came to claim her. We pleaded with him to let her stay; it was no use. And the poor little girl was taken away from all Christian teaching and help to a heathen town to grow up after the fashion of heathen parents, and be the wife of a heathen man, all against her own wish. Can you think of anything sadder?—*Rev. E. W. Hay, Missionary to the Camaroons, in London Baptist.*

A WORD TO BOYS.

You are made to be kind, boys, generous, magnanimous.

If there is a boy in school who has a clubfoot, don't let him know you ever saw it.

If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing.

If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the game that doesn't require running.

If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner.

If there is a dull one, help him learn his lesson.

If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before.—*Horace Mann.*

MORTIFIED.

The Duke of Wellington once walked from Walmer Castle to Deal to attend Trinity Church. Not finding the sexton to show him a seat, he entered a roomy-looking pew in front of the pulpit, and sat down. Soon after a fashionably-dressed, haughty woman entered, and by both her manner and expression of face showed that she felt his presence an intrusion. As the stranger bore her indignant glances without moving, she said, bluntly,

"Sir, you will find free seats in the rear, and I beg you to find a seat there or in some other pew."

"I beg your pardon, madam, for intruding," said the duke, coldly, as he arose and left the pew.

At the close of the service a friend said to the woman, "My dear Madam——, you were honored to-day; but why did the duke leave you so abruptly?"

Madam——, construing the remark as a sarcasm on the impudence of the stranger, replied, "The presumptuous fellow! Then you saw him in my pew? I had to tell him there were seats for strangers in"—

"Why, surely," interrupted the friend, with almost horror in her tone, "you knew that the man was the Duke of Wellington!"

The woman's mortification over her rudeness to the man she would have honored, caused her a fit of sickness.

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Question Corner.—No. 15.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. A priest who stood between the dead and the living.
2. A soothsayer sent for by a king of Moab, who for the time became a prophet, and prophesied of Christ as the Star out of Jacob. He is spoken of in the Epistle of Peter.
3. The name by which the giant inhabitants of Canaan were known.
4. A thing to which God gave flower and fruit to show what man he had chosen.
5. The youngest son of Aaron.
6. The second of two men who prophesied in the camp, and whom Moses would not forbid.

My whole is the range of mountains in one part of which Moses died.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 14.

SCRIPTURE SCENE.

ENGEDI.

The Dead Sea is enclosed by walls of rock, steep, barren, and in many parts incrusted with deposits of salt. On the western side there are no breaks of any consequence. The winter torrents plough for themselves troughs of no great length, and bear down to the margin of the sea stones and fragments of rock, which form a narrow beach. Near the middle of the western shore is a larger opening watered throughout the year by the stream from a perennial fountain. The water, issuing at a point seven hundred feet above the level of the salt lake, makes its way through the plain. Its constant moisture, combining with the heat of the neighborhood and of the narrow vale, produces abundant vegetation. Here grew the camphire, whose fragrance Solomon celebrates in his Song. What the camphire was it is hard to tell. Most probably it was the "henneh," a plant bearing clusters of richly-scented flowers. At the present time a steep and difficult path down one thousand feet of rock leads to the projecting ledge from which the stream issues. The water winds its way through groves of acacia and tamarisk, to form a pool along the pebbly beach of the Dead Sea. Apples of Sodom and the lotus are also found at points along its course.

This is a favorite halting-place for travellers; and no wonder, as they feel the contrast between the shade of trees over running water with the hot air rising from the salt lake. Here it was that the hosts of the Moabites and Ammonites were halting in the time of Jehoshaphat. They had made their way round the southern end of the lake, and were preparing to ascend the valley to the uplands of Judah. Before they could carry out their design fatal dissensions arose, and they slew one another. Judah had but to look on and then collect the spoil. After it was all over, they assembled in a neighboring valley, where they blessed the Lord, and called the place "Berachah," or "blessing."

En is the Hebrew word for fountain, and Engedi means the fountain of the wild goat. The name has survived the lapse of ages, and the place bears now the title of Ain-Jidy. The wild goats of whom David spoke as his fellow-dwellers in the district also remain. Other objects also show the connection between the past and the present. This is one of the places in Palestine where the perpendicular walls of rock are honeycombed with caves. The caves were once the dwellings of men, next their sepulchres; last of all they became folds for flocks. The shepherd sheltered himself and some of his charge in the cave itself, building a wall round the cave's mouth, to complete the inclosure of his flocks and add to their security.

In such a place David cut off Saul's skirt, the darkness of the inside hiding him from Saul, while the bright light from outside enabled him to see every movement of his enemy.

In the fourteenth chapter of Ezekiel there is a vision of a stream running eastward, gradually becoming deeper, and passing away to a sea bordered by salt marshes. Owing to this healthy stream the water becomes sweet, and the salt marshes are healed. The sea, which now has no fish, is seen to teem with them, and fishermen spread their nets along its shore by Engedi. This is not our stream exactly, but plainly it serves the prophet as an emblem of the water of life, which is to renew and invigorate the dead mass of mankind. Human souls shall then no longer send forth the stifling, fevered air of sin, but a savour fresh as the dew of morning.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Hannah E. Greene, Jennie Lyght, Frank Carruthers, Hattie F. Judd, and Albert Jesse French.

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